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BOBBY BENSON'S

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No. 1

B-BAR-B RIDERS

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GEE WHIZ! JUST LOOK AT THIS BOBBY BENSON

WESTERN COWHIDE BELT

HEY, FELLERS! Here's your chance to get a genuine steerhide deep-tooled cowboy belt — just the kind of belt the B-BAR-B Riders would like to see you wear! And what a beauty it is! One inch wide, richly tooled with exciting pictures of Tex Mason, a western desert scene, and the insignia of Bobby Benson and the B-Bar-B Riders right where all your friends can see and admire it!



AND HOW ABOUT THESE RIP SNORTIN' "YOUR NAME-ON-IT" GUN & HOLSTER SETS



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\$1.98

Say, pardner—No two-fisted, two-gun cowboy ever had a fancier pair of shootin' irons than these Purple Sage Gun & Holster sets! They're real knockouts! Guns are all-metal 50-shot repeaters—with ivory color pistol grips. Lots of fancy figures and 'jewels' on the grips, too... just like a real cowboy's gun. And you've never seen such snappy-looking holsters. Made of genuine western leather... with YOUR VERY OWN NAME (up to 6 letters) on it in RAISED SOLID BRASS AND NICKELED LETTERS! But that's not all! 2-gun belt has simulated jewels, silvery bullets, 2 border patrol stars, 2 sheriff badges, engraved buckle! 1-gun belt has nicked steerhead decoration, engraved buckle!

SINGLE SET: includes holster, gun and belt... only \$1.98

DOUBLE SET: includes 2 holsters, 2 guns, belt... only \$3.98



ONLY
\$3.98

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Just pick any item(s) you want, fill out the coupon and mail it to us. When the postman delivers your Bobby Benson Belt or Purple Sage Gun & Holster Set, pay him the prices indicated, plus postage and handling charges. Then, if you're not thrilled with your purchase, return it to us within 10 days — and we'll send your money back. You'd have to roam far and wide before you could round up real bargains like these — so, don't delay! Real cowboys act fast! Mail coupon NOW!

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Rush me the items I have indicated below. On arrival, I will pay postman the prices indicated, plus postage and handling charges. If not thrilled with my purchase, I may return it within 10 days and you will send my money back.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> | BOBBY BENSON WESTERN BELT | \$1.00 |
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BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

RIDE, LITTLE BOSS—
RIDE FER YORE
LIFE!

WINDY WALES' LOOSE TONGUE, AS EVERYONE
KNOWS, USUALLY MAKES A BUNDEL OF TROUBLE
FOR THE B-BAR-B RIDERS. ADD TO WINDY'S
TONGUE A SKYROCKET A PAYROLL, AND A PAIR OF
ZOOT-SUIT KILLERS—AND YOU'VE GOT MORE
TROUBLE THAN EVER BEFORE IN—
"THE TRAIL OF THE ROCKET!"

BOBBY BENSON, YOUNG OWNER OF THE B-BAR-B
CATTLESPEED, IS RIDING BACK FROM TOWN
WITH WINDY WALES...

ARE YOU SURE WE'VE GOT THE PAYROLL IN A
SAFE PLACE,
WINDY?

RIGHT UNDER THUH SEAT, LITTLE
BOSS—SAFE AS SHOOTIN'. I'M
PRACTICALLY GETTIN' ON IT LIKE
A MOTHER HEN ON HER AGG!
SHUCKS, WHUT YUH WORRIED
'BOUT WHEN YOU GOT ME
AROUND?

BUT FERGIT THUH PAYROLL A
MINUTE AN' LEMME TELL YUH A
SECRET. I'M OUT TUN MAKE A NAME
FER MUHSELF AS A SCIENTIST. YUH,
THIS HERE EINSTEIN FELLER'S HAD
THUH GLORY FER TOO LONG!

A SCIENTIST!
YOU P
OH, WINDY—
HEE-HEE-
HEE!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



YUP! FELLER DOWN TUH THUH GENERAL STORE SOLD ME THIS HERE SUPER SPECIAL NUMB'NIGER ROCKET! NOW, I ASK YUH—EP'N THE ARMY AN' THUH NAVY KIN SHOOT OFF ROCKETS, WHY CAN'T I? ALL FER THE CAUSE OV SCIENCE, OF COURSE!



I BETCHA THIS HERE DINGUS KIN SHOOT AS FUR AS THUH MOON—OR THUH STRATY—SPHERE—OR SOME-FIN! WHY, I'LL TIE ALL KINDS OF INSTRY-MENTS TUH IT AN'...



...ONLY THING I AIN'T FIGGERED OUT YET IS JEST WHUT KIND OF INSTRY-MENTS I'M GOIN' TUH TIE ONTO IT. AN' EF IT GITS TUH THUH MOON, HOW IN THUNDER AM I GOIN' TUH GIT IT BACK AGIN?



AT THAT MOMENT...

PUT THAT ROD BACK IN YER POCKET, DEUCE—DON'T PLUG TH' GUY! YA FERNETTIN' WERE ON TH' LAM FROM TH' CORP? HIT TH' DIRT!

OKAY, FINGERS, OKAY, OKAY—LIKE YA SAY! HERE GOES NUTTIN'!



WELL, PAL—HERE'S TH' WEST, WOOLY AN' INNOCENT!

AN' HERE'S US, WILD, HUNGRY AN' BROKE! BUT I LIKE DAT "INNOCENT" STUFF, DEUCE—THERE OUGHTA BE BABY PICKINS FROM TH' HICKS ON THIS BEAT.



YEAH—BUT IF WE DON'T GIT A MOVE ON SOON, TH' ONLY PICKIN'S IS GOIN' TO BE OUR OWN BONES IN THIS HERE DESERT! HOW DO WE GIT TO THE NEAREST FLOPHOUSE?

CHEER UP SCOURPUSS—HERE COMES TWO HAY-SEEDS IN A WAGON!



HOP RIGHT BACK THAR, STRANGERS! YUH'RE RIGHT WELCOME TUH RIDE AS FUR AS WE'RE GOIN'!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



HERE'S TH' WAD, ALL RIGHT! WOW, WE WALKED RIGHT INTO THIS ONE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

SHADDAP, KID... FINGERS, ME PAL, HOW DO WE GIT AWAY WIT THIS HAUL?



WE TAKE TH' WAGON FER OUR GETAWAY—THAT'S SIMPLE, DOPE! BUT WAIT—WE CAN'T LEAVE THE GEEZER AN' TH' KID BEHIND, 'CAUSE SOMEBODY MIGHT FIND 'EM SOON, SEND OUT TH' ALARM, AN' TH' WHOLE CONSTABULARY'D SOON BE BREATHIN' DOWN OUR NECKS! SO-O-O—!



SO WE JIST TAKE 'EM ALONG WIT' US! THAT TARPULIN'LL HIDE DEM ALL RIGHT!

HURRAY FER TH' WILD WEST! THAT'S ALL I GOTTA SAY!



WINDY! YOU TOOK OFF MY BAG. HOW DID YOU GET YOUR HANDS FREE?

SH-H-H-I REMEMBERED 'BOUT THET OL' RUSTY NAIL I MEANT. TUN FULL OUTA THUH FLOOR O' THUH WAGON—AN' I FRAYED OFF AWH ROPES ON IT. JEST A MINUTE, LITTLE BOSS, AN' I'LL HAVE US BOTH UNTIED!



I'LL JUMP UP AN' START RUNNIN' TUN BEAT TARNATION, SEE, BOBBY? BUT YOU PURTEND YUH'RE STILL TIED. THESE GUYS'LL CHASE AFTER ME— THEN YOU JUMP UP, GRAB REIN, AN' TEAR OFF FER HOME AN' TH' BOYS! I'LL STICK RIGHT CLOSE TO THESE RANNIES, WHETHER THEY BE CHASIN' ME OR ME CHASIN' THEM...!



... AN' WHEN I FIGGER IT'S TIME FER YUH AN' TH' BOYS TUN BE COMIN', I'LL SET OFF THIS HERE SKYROCKET OF AINE TUN LET YUH KNOW WHAR ME AN' THESE HOMBRES ARE! READY?



YIP! TRY AN' KETCH ME, YUH SNIVELIN' OWLHOOTS!

WOT TH'—? IT'S TH' GEEZER! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!

WE CAN'T LET 'IM GET AWAY... TH' KID'S STILL TIED— LET'S GO AFTER TH' GEEZER! C'MON!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



HE WENT INTO THESE BUSHES! C'MON!

WAIT! HOLY SMOKE—LOOKIT TH' KID! HE'S DRIVIN' AWAY WITH TH' WAGON! HEY! HEY, KID! NIX!



OH, GOLLY... GIDDAP! GIDDAP! GIDDAP!



TH' KID GOT AWAY! FINGERS, THERE'S GONNA BE TEN DOZEN POSSES AFTER US INSIDE OF FIFTEEN MINUTES.

KEE-RECT! LET'S GIT OUTA HERE—TH' HECK WIT' TH' KID AN' TH' GEEZER, TOO! LET'S GO—I GOT TH' PAYROLL INSIDE ME SHIRT!



WE SCRAM TO TH' RAILROAD TRACK AN' HOP TH' NEXT FREIGHT—THERE OUGHTA BE ANOTHER TRAIN ANY MINUTE.

I'M GOIN' TUH HAVE TUH KEEP CLOSER 'N THIS IF I DOAN WANT TUH LOSE 'EM. BETTER GIT DOWN OFF 'N THIS TREE!



DON'T LOOK NOW, FINGERS—BUT THE GEEZER'S SHADOWIN' US! I JST SEEN 'IM OUTA TH' CORNER OF ME EYE!

YIPES! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE NOBODY FOLLOWIN' US! OKAY, THEN, TH' GUY'S ASKIN' FOR IT—LET'S BOTH TURN TOGETHER AN' GIVE 'IM A SPRAY O' LEAD.



YEE-OH!



WE GOT TH' GEEZER PINNED DOWN NOW!—C'MON, LET'S CLOSE IN ON 'IM!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, WINDY'S IN A TERRIBLE FIX, CAPTURED BY BLOOD-THIRSTY KILLERS, HIS ROCKET GONE! MEANWHILE...

B-BAR-B-EEEEEE! C'MON, FELLOWS, WINDY'S OUT THERE WITH SOME GANGSTERS AND THEY'VE GOT THE PAYROLL!

COME ON, MEN-SLAP LEATHER!



WATCH THE SKY, FELLOWS! WINDY'S GOING TO SET OFF A ROCKET TO LET US KNOW WHERE HE IS!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

WE CAN'T HAVE ANY MORE SHOOTIN', DEUCE! WE MADE TOO DOGGONE MUCH NOISE ALREADY—BESIDES, I THINK I HEAR HORSES DOWN ON TH' ROAD. WE GOTTA DO THIS QUIET!



SEE THAT SMOKE DOWN THERE? THAT'S TH' FREIGHT TRAIN COMIN' UP. WE PUSH TH' GEEZER UNDER TH' WHEELS AT TH' SAME TIME WE HOP TH' RODS.



I GOT IT! SMART!

WHILE BACK ON THE ROAD...

GOLLY, TEX, I'M WORRIED! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO WINDY! THAT ROCKET SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF BY NOW!

HARKA'S KEEN EYES SEEM TO HAVE SPOTTED SOMETHING OUT THERE. BRING IT OVER HERE, HARKA!



ME THINK THIS ROCKET WE LOOK FOR, YEE?

THAT'S IT! IT WENT OFF LONG AGO! OH, TEX—WHAT'LL WE DO? WINDY'S IN TROUBLE! I JUST KNOW IT!



WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! HARKA, SHOW ME EXACTLY WHERE YOU FOUND THAT ROCKET! QUICK!



SEE? HERE'S WHERE IT LANDED... AND YOU CAN TRACE THE ANGLE OF IMPACT! HERE'S THE WAY IT SLID—IT COULD ONLY HAVE COME FROM THAT DIRECTION!

COME ON, MEN—LET'S RIDE!... GOOD BOY, BOBBY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HOLD IT! HERE BE TRACKS—LIKE LEGS DRAGGED ALONG GROUND. COULD BE WINDY, I BETCHA. HA, TRACKS GO TO RAILROAD—WE BETTER HURRY FAST!

C'MON, FELLOWS—I HEAR A TRAIN COMING!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



THERE THEY ARE! THEY'RE THROWING WINDY UNDER THAT TRAIN! HARK! LET'S GO!



AYE, TEX—SNAACK THE HO-GOOD RANNI-HANGS RIGHT ME WAY, LAD, SO I KIN GET ME HUNGRY HANDS ON 'EM!

OVER TO YOU, (RISH!)

GNNNG!



WHAT D'VE SAY, ME BOYOS—IS IT KETCHIN' BALL YE'RE WANTIN' TO PLAY?

LEMME AT 'EM! I'LL TAKE KEER O' THEM HOMBRES!

HOLD IT, WINDY—LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF.



SHUCKS, I WUZ JIST GITTIN' GOOD AN' MAD BY THUH TIME YUH BOYS HAPPENED ALONG! I WUZ FIXIN' TUH UP AN' LET THESE VARMINTS HAVE IT! I'DA SMASHED 'EM TUH SMITHEREENS! I'DA TORN 'EM—!

TURN AROUND WINDY—I'VE GOT SOME-THIN' HERE AS'LL TAKE YER FANCY. TURN AROUND LADDY!



—LIME FROM... SLURB!

SURE AN' I THOUGHT WE COULD PUT THAT CONTRAPTION OF A FIRE-CRACKER TO SOME DOOD USE AS A BLARNEY-STOPPER!

BOBBY BENSON'S

"ROUNDUP RACKETEER!"

B-BAR-B RIDERS



ROUNDUP TIME ON THE WESTERN RANCHES MEANS ANOTHER TIME AND THE ROUNT IRON SAFE THAT STANDS IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE B-BAR-B RANCH HOUSE IS BURSTING WITH CASH. ROUNDUP TIME ALSO MEANS THAT NEW HANES ARE HIRED FOR EXTRA JOBS, AND AMONG THESE NEW HANES IS HERB BRAZOS, A CANOE LIGHTER WHO HAS LATCHED ON TO THE B-BAR-B COWBOY—AND WHO GOES TO LATCH ON TO THE BIG RANCHES AS WELL...

KNOWING THAT HE IS NO MATCH FOR THE POWERFUL BRAZOS, BOBBY DROPS TO HANDS AND KNEES...

YUH LITTLE SNOOPER!! TEX!!
I'LL WRING THAT NECK OF— (HEYVYY, TEX!)
OOOOOPS!



BOBBY'S CRY FOR HELP DIES IN HIS THROAT...



YELL FER HELP, HUH?
I'LL SHUT THAT MOUTH PLUMB QUICK!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

BUT AS BOBBY DRIVES HIS LITTLE HERD TOWARD THE BLUE WATERS OF THE SWEETWATER, A RIFLE CRACKS SAVAGELY...



HIGHTAIL IT, KID! GIT THEM CALVES AWAY FROM THIS RIVER. IT BELONGS TO THE RIVER RIGHTS COMPANY! VAMOSE!

GOLLY WILLIKERS! HE ALMOST HIT YOU, AMIGO! WAIT! I TELL 'EM ABOUT THIS! ... FASTER, AMIGO—FASTER!



TEX! TEX! A RIFLEMAN SHOT AT ME DOWN BY THE RIVER! HE SAYS WE DON'T OWN IT! A RIVER RIGHTS COMPANY DOES!

HE'S PLUMB LOCO! WE HAVE DIRECT TITLE!

WHY, THE ORNERY SIDEWINDER! LET'S GO, TEX! GRAB YORE SHOOTIN' IRONS, BOYS!



BUT—YUH'LL FIND ALL YUH NEED KNOW IN TOWN. YORE CEEDS ARE NO GOOD! THE RIVER RIGHTS COMPANY BOUGHT UP SOME OLD LAND GRANTS. SEE YORE LAWYER IF YUH DON'T BELIEVE ME!

WE WILL!



SOME HOURS LATER A DEJECTED TEX MASON AND BOBBY MOVE AWAY FROM THEIR LAWYER'S OFFICE IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF GILA BAD...

IT LOOKS BAD, BOBBY! OUR LAW COURTS RECOGNIZE THOSE OLD LAND GRANTS. OF COURSE THEY'RE BEING TESTED BY EXPERTS RIGHT NOW, BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH HOPE!

WITHOUT WATER, THE B-BAR-B IS LICKED, TEX! WE'RE THROUGH—FINISHED!



DAY AFTER DAY, THIRSTY CATTLE CRY FOR WATER. SLOWLY THE HERDS AND TINY CREEKS ACROSS THE WIDE REACHS OF THE B-BAR-B SPREAD ARE DRUNK DRY. PITIFUL BAWLS FILL THE AIR...



A WORRIED BOY AND A SADDENED FOREMAN RIDE THE DISMAL RANCH, TRYING TO FORGET THE SOUNDS AND SIGHTS OF WATER-STARVED CATTLE...

TEX, I CAN'T STAND IT! CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?

OGGONE! MUCH AS I HATE TO DO IT—WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PAY THE RIVER RIGHTS OUTFIT FOR WATER! LET'S RIDE TO TOWN...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

UNKNOWN TO TEX OR BOBBY, WINDY WALES DREAMS A BRIGHT IDEA—HE THINKS!

THUNDERATION! I RECKON THE LITTLE BOSS SURE WILL BE PROUD OF OLD WINDY WHEN HE LEARNS WHAT MY FER-TILE BRAIN HAS COOKED UP!



A FEW STICKS OF THIS HERE DYNAMITE WILL BLOCK THE RIVER BACK IN THE HILLS—AN' START A NEW WATER-FLOW—SMACK PLUMB THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE B-BAR-B! YESSIR—I SURE GOT SOME BRAIN!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN TOWN...

SELL WATER RIGHTS TO YOU TWO? NOT ON YORE LIFE! NEVER! I'LL SELL TO EVERYBODY ELSE—BUT NOT TO THE B-BAR-B! I'M A-GON TO GET YORE RANCH FOR MYSELF! WHEN YUK GIT READY TO SELL—LET ME KNOW!



WHY, YOU SIDEWINDING POLECAT! I'LL RAM THOSE WORDS—

NO, TEX! NO! THAT ISN'T THE WAY! TEX!



I YOU'RE RIGHT, BOBBY! LOSING MY TEMPER WON'T HELP! BUT NOW THAT I KNOW HERB BRAZOS IS IN ON THIS—I'M BEGINNING TO GET BACK A LITTLE HOPE!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, TEX!



MINUTES LATER, IN THEIR LAWYER'S OFFICE...

HERB BRAZOS IS A CHEAP CROOK! IF HE'S HEAD OF THE RIVER RIGHTS, THEN THAT'S A CROOKED OUTFIT, AND WE STAND A CHANCE TO SHOW IT UP!

I DON'T SEE HOW. THE LAND GRANTS ARE AUTHENTIC!



MAY I HAVE A COPY OF THE LAND GRANTS AND MAPS, MR. BYRNE?

YOU SURE CAN, BOBBY! HERE—



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



THE LEMONADE KID

"CROOKS IN CACTUS"



HIS SHIRT IS GOLDEN AND HIS TWIN
ENGINE ARE BLUE STEEL! HIS DRINK
IS LEMONADE. HIS NAME IS —
BUT SUCH BOOTLEG MASTER CRIMINAL
AND LEADER OF AS VICIOUS A GANG OF
GUNNAPRY KILLERS AS EVER FLASHED
ACROSS THE LONG STAR STATE DOES NOT
KNOW THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO OWNS
THE FASTEST SUNDRIES NORTH AND SOUTH
OF THE RIO GRANDE. AND HE DOES NOT
LEARN IT UNTIL HE COMES FACE TO FACE
WITH THE LEMONADE KID HIMSELF!

AT THE NOONDAY HOUR IN A MODERN INDUSTRIAL
CITY IN TEXAS, THE SHARP CHATTER OF A SUB-
MACHINE GUN TATTOOS ACROSS THE SOUNDS OF
EVERYDAY TRAFFIC....

COME ON, WE GOT THE
DOUGH! MOVE FAST!

STAY INSIDE,
ALL OF YOU —
OR ELSE!

SECONDS AFTERWARD A BIG CAR CAREENS CRABLY
ON TWO WHEELS AS IT TURNING ONTO FLEETS BRIDGE —

STRAIGHT SOUTH UNTIL YOU HIT
THE MOUNTAIN ROADS! LET 'EM
FOLLOW US! I GOT A PLACE ALL
PICKED OUT WHERE **NOBODY** WILL
EVER FIND US...!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE FOREMAN'S OFFICE ON THE B-BAR-B CATTLE RANCH.

SECURITY OFFICER MASON SPEAKING, CHIEF. THAT'S RIGHT. OH—THOSE BANK ROBBERS? HEADING INTO THE BIG BEND? YOU BET. RIGHT AWAY...



THOSE CROOKS DROPPED PLUMB OUT OF SIGHT RIGHT AFTER THAT BANK JOB. THE STATE POLICE AND F.B.I. HAVE BEEN COMBING THE HILLS—BUT MAYBE THIS IS A JOB FOR A RANGE RIDER...



ON THE NORTHERN EDGE OF THE WEST STRETCHES OF THE B-BAR-B, IS A LOG LINE CABIN. IN THE CABIN, AN HOUR LATER...

IN MY ROLE AS THE TOUGH LEMONADES KID, TWO GUNS LOOK BETTER THAN ONE! SINCE I CAN USE BOTH HANDS EQUALLY WELL ON THE DRAW, IT'S DOUBLE SECURITY!



MEANWHILE, MILES SOUTH OF THE B-BAR-B—

I BOUGHT THIS PLACE THREE YEARS AGO FINGER. SHE'S OUT OF THE WAY, IN A NATURAL VALLEY. ANYBODY THAT TRIES TO COME IN HERE GETS FILLED WITH LEAD BY THE BOYS DOING GUARD DUTY!



YA SURE THOUGHT OF EVERY ANGLE!

WE GOT FOOD ENOUGH TO LAST US HALF A YEAR. BY THAT TIME THE HEAT WILL HAVE DIED DOWN. WE'RE SAFE! COMPLETELY SAFE!



THAT NIGHT, A CAMPFIRE GLOWS REDLY IN THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE BASINS.

I GO SOUTH IN THE NIGHT. THAT WAY NO MAN SEE ME. IN THE MORNING I FIND MEN AND ASK QUESTIONS. I STAY IN THE HILLS—WILL NOT BE SEEN.

GOOD, HARKA! I RIDE SOUTH MYSELF—ADIOS!



ALL THAT NIGHT, HARKA THE INDIAN RODE STEADILY SOUTHWARD, MOVING WITH THE EIGHT-LESS GRACE OF THE APACHE RUNNER.



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

IN THE WETS OF EARLY DAWN—

THREE GUNS AGO I SAW A BLACK CAR MOVING MANY MILES AWAY, HEADING TOWARD THE ARROYO PRIMO!

... UNDER THE GLOW OF THE TEXAS NOODVAY SUN —

I AM NOT SURE, BUT I THINK I SAW SMOKE RISING FROM THE OLD CLELAND DUDE RANCH. IT'S BEEN VACANT FOR YEARS...

TO CITY EYES THIS WILL BE NOTHING MORE THAN A BRUSH FIRE, BUT TO THE LEMONADE KID — IT WILL SPELL A MESSAGE!

SMOKE SIGNALS! COME TO... ARROYO... PRIMO, BUT COME... WITH CARE!

AT FIRST LIGHT—

I'VE BEEN IN EVERY BAR BETWEEN HERE AND THE BORDER, SEEMS LIKE — BUT STILL — NO NEWS! AND I'M ALMOST BURSTING WITH LEMONADE!

AND HADRA THROWS AWAY HIS DEERSKIN SHIRT—

WELL, WHACCA YA KNOW! A REAL LIVE REDMAN! WATCHA DOING WITH THAT FIRE, RAIN-IN-THE-FACE?

I PREPARE A MEAL, MY FRIEND. I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO RAN THE FIRE INTO FLAME WITH MY SHIRT!

GO AHEAD, GERONIMO, EAT! HAI HAI! EVEN THE GUY IN THE DEATH CELL GETS TO EAT A LAST MEAL, BECAUSE—AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED IT—YOU'RE GONNA EAT ENOUGH NOT LEAD TO KILL YOU!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

TWISTING IN MID AIR, HIS LIGHTNING-FAST GUNHANDS CLEAR LEADER WITH HIS GUNS...



DROP THAT GUN, HOMRE, PRONTO!



YOU'RE TANGLING WITH A WESTERNER NOW!

THINK YA TOUGH, DO YA?



USING THE SPRINGY YUFF BETWEEN THE ROCKS AS A SPRINGBOARD, THE LEMONADE KID HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD...

MESBE YOU'LL LEARN JUST HOW TOUGH—!



—RIGHT NOW!



THAT NIGHT, AS HARKA SERVES A DINNER OF SPICED PRITJOLES, ROAST QUAIL AND BARBECUED STEAK—

WHAT A MEAL! THAT REDMAN IS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN—

BOSS—LOOK!



HOWDY, GENTS! THIS HOMRE TRIED TO GUN ME DOWN—SAYS HE WEARS YOUR BRAND! I'M THE LEMONADE KID—AN' I'VE COME PRIMED FOR TROUBLE. MAKE YOUR PLAY!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



For exciting, real
outdoor action, you
can't beat these
topnotch western
comics . . . !



GET ALL THREE
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSTAND NOW!

THE RUNNING OF REDMANE

REDMANE heard the rifle shot slam from side to side of the canyon walls as he fled at full gallop, his hoofs drumming furiously on the dun canyon floor. The bullet whined as it ricocheted from a sandstone rock needle. Redmane heard the man's angry words floating faintly on the wind as he fled through the breaks, seeking some narrow gully that would lead him onto the high plains.

Redmane was a young stallion, big and powerfully muscled. His glossy roan hide shone with health and vigor. For a year he had run with his own herd. But, yesterday, the man with the black beard — who had just now fired at him — had tracked Redmane down. To save the mares and foals, big Redmane had run from the herd, leading the blackbearded man into the canyon break.

The man had clung tenaciously, like a madened bobcat. His horse was winded, and the rasp in his voice floating downwind told the big stallion that his temper was frayed, but still he kept on after the roan.

Now Redmane saw what he wanted: a narrow path between towering rock cliffs, winding downwards. With a defiant snort, he bolted for the defile, galloping with all the speed of his young legs. He flashed between the stone bluffs, his crimson mane whipping away from his neck. Now he flashed out onto a grassy level high above the surrounding countryside.

Redmane stood still, head uplifted, ears pointed forward, listening. No sounds came to him, but he knew, deep inside him, that the man had only lost his trail momentarily.

And then Redmane's alert eyes were caught by something wide and white below him in the grasslands. Redmane snorted, catching the peculiar odor of sheep. He did not like sheep. They cropped the grass too close for his teeth, and from their hoofs they dropped a scent that smothered the sweeter aroma of the flowers that Redmane and his herd enjoyed. Where sheep went, Redmane knew, everything was spoiled for his kind.

Blowing air, the big roan moved off, angling sidewise away from the sheep, heading up into the far timbers.

Luke Manson came into town on the back of his exhausted mare. Inside his chest there was raw, hot fury; fury at the flashing red devil-horse he had tracked for two days, and

lost in the breaks north of the Unita River. *But I'll get him, he promised himself. I'll find a way to get my fingers in that red mane! And when I do —!*

Manson's thin, wide lips grinned cruelly as he thought of the pleasure he would have in breaking that big stallion; in breaking him to the cinchstraps of a saddle.

"What a mount he'll make! I'll outride anything in the Basin with him between my knees!"

Manson swung from his tired mare, and tied the hitchlines to a rail in front of the Texas Star saloon. He left the mare standing there, head down, flecked with foam, sides heaving.

Inside the saloon, Manson went to the bar where he stood bent over, his mind reliving the past two days. Twice he had almost had that roan! Twice he had lost him. Again the rage beat up inside him.

The barkeep slid a bottle to him. Manson drank feverishly. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and shook his head.

"Been back in the breaks and the timber line, chasing a big red horse. Spent two days without food or sleep. I'm done in."

"You'll never catch Redmane," said the barkeep, shrugging. "Many's the cowpoke and rancher who's gone after him with rope and trap. The horse is too smart. Too smart — and too fast."

Manson drank again. He chuckled evilly. "He sure is fast, and he sure is smart. But I'm smarter, and I'm goin' to get me something that's a lot faster!"

"Faster than Redmane?" asked the bartender in surprise. "What would that be?"

"Dogs," grinned Manson crookedly. "Wolf hounds! They'll track down that red devil and hold him for me. Better'n that, they'll trail him from here to Hades. There's no way for a horse to lose them hounds. He's as good as mine!"

Luke Manson tilted his head back and let the hot raw whiskey slide down his throat.

* * *

The howl of the hunting dogs drifted up from the flatlands far below. Their wailing floated on the dry air, sharpened to a sudden yapping as their keen nostrils caught the scent. And then they were bounding forward, up the slope of the wash, heading in a flurry of russet-red bodies and wagging tails to-

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

ward the dark green pines and conifers in the timber belt above them.

Redmane watched them come from the ledge of the cliff high above. Far behind, the blackbearded man was urging his horse in a gallop after them. Redmane knew wolves, had fought them with bare teeth and lashing hoofs; but dogs were something new to his wild nature. Yet he was instinctively aware that these snapping, yelping things were the man's allies, and that they possessed some ability that the man was counting on to trap him, Redmane.

With a snort, the big roan whirled and ran. He went easily, refreshed by the rest he had received in the last day and a half, while the man had been in town. His long, powerful legs ate up distance swiftly. The cool mountain air bit into his nostrils, made him toss his head and let out his speed another notch in sheer exuberance.

He ran for hours — and found the dogs were closer . . .

They ran with tongues out, lolling, their voices silent now. They were behind him, coming up swiftly out of the background of pine and sandstone which fell away into the upper slopes of the mountains. The dogs were gaining on him. Redmane would have to stop and make a stand. Would have to fight those yapping things that kept after him so tenaciously.

Redmane danced forward to meet them. He knew the ways of the wolf, and figured these wolf-like animals would fight in the same manner. But the dogs, seeing him coming toward them, merely sat down and rested, their long tongues out. When Redmane threw up his head and trumpeted a challenge at them, they rose and walked away a few feet, then sat down.

The roan stallion charged them, mane whipping in the breeze. The dogs ran away, eying him cautiously. Redmane stopped, and shook his big hammer-head, puzzled. This was no way to fight!

And then, clear in the cool air, Redmane heard the man shouting.

Realization burst on the stallion. The dogs were here to hold him! They were not to fight him. The man did not want Redmane dead! He wanted him alive, to buckle on his back that leather seat in which the man sat. Redmane had seen men spur their horse into frenzied gallops as they chased him. He wanted no spurs jabbing his own silken flanks!

The roan turned to run; found the dogs all around him in a circle, watching him warily. Redmane whinnied. He gathered his powerful leg muscles and drove at the dogs. One of the animals leaped inward, bare fangs flashing, to hamstring him. But that was a wolf tactic — and Redmane met it with kick-

ing hoofs! The dog — escaping those hoofs by a bare fraction of an inch — yelped and ran.

Now Redmane moved on, running past and away from the dogs. But he ran with a labored stride. The day's steady flight had sapped his glorious muscles. The dogs, seemingly inexhaustible, running after him, followed at a distance.

Redmane went down out of the mountains, hunting for another narrow gully that would let him lose himself in the rough passages of the rock country. But even as he looked, he realized the utter uselessness of his search. He could throw off the man, but now the man had dogs running for him, and a dog could follow him even to the snowy reaches of the mountain-peaks. And where the dog went, the man would come; slowly, but he would come.

Now the rolling grasslands were below him, thick with sheep.

Redmane threw up his hammerhead and trumpeted again. Into his legs new life poured. His heart thudded savagely. Mane flapping in the wind, he dove toward the sheep, heading straight for them in a wild, headlong gallop.

The dogs were following, yelping and yapping.

But Redmane knew the way of escape, at last. He raced in among the white woolly bodies that broke before his coming like waves before the sharp prow of a ship. Steadily Redmane ran through the sheep, back and forth, until he was close to the uprise of the sandstone bluffs, red with color. Redmane knew his coat and mane blended with that rich red hue. If he could find an opening while the dogs were still hampered far behind by the sheep, he would be away and over the mountains. No longer would he roam this basin. He would take his herd to a new home, deep into the desert country, where few men ever went.

* * *

Luke Manson stood on the rim of the sheep herd and swore softly. His dogs fawned at his feet, their eyes pleading with him. He said, "Lost the trail in the sheep herd! Now their noses are so full of that sheep smell they won't be good for trailing for days!"

For Luke Manson was an experienced westener. He knew that the peculiar, pungent smell of sheep lingered for hours. It completely obliterated any scent that Redmane had left! Shrugging, Manson turned and whistled up his dogs.

* * *

And running free in the fresh, clover-laden air, Redmane galloped on and on, to find his herd and lead it to a new home, where no man ever came.

THE END.

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



LOCOWEED — THAT TINY LEGUME THAT IS THE BANE OF ALL RANCHERS — CAN TURN A HALF-TON STEER INTO A MADDED FURY OF DESTRUCTION. AND AS BOBBY BENSON MOVES ACROSS THE WEST BASIN OF HIS B-BAR-B SPREAD, A HOOFED AND HORNED STEER TURNS FROM A PATCH OF LOCOWEED EYES RED AND FLAMING, HOOFES SPURNING THE GROUND, AND THUNDERS AT BOBBY WITH THE LUST TO KILL! AT THE LAST MOMENT, BOBBY'S PONY SWERVES, AND THE BOY RANCH-DOWNER REACHES FOR HIS LARIAT, ONLY TO LEARN THAT HE IS ROPING HIMSELF A LOOPEFUL OF TROUBLE AS HE CASTS HIMSELF INTO THE THRILLING ADVENTURE OF "THE LIGHTNING TRAP!"

LIKE A LIVING THING, THE LARIAT COILS UNDER THE STEER'S HOOFES...LIFTS AND CATCHES THEM!



YOUNG BUT FIERCEST HANDS BRING A QUICK SCORING SHOT OF CALLED OUTWARD

OH, GOLLY! I HAVE TO MAKE THIS FIRST CAST GOOD! I WON'T GET MUCH TIME FOR A SECOND ONE!



GOT HIM! HOLD HIM, AMIGO! I WANT TO FIND OUT HOW COME ONE OF OUR CATTLE GOT THIS FAR OUT OF THE BASIN! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR ABOUT THIS!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AFTER TING A QUICK SLIP ROSE AROUND THE STEER'S HOOFS, BOBBY WALKS TO THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE, ONLY TO FIND THE STRANDS CUT AND ROLLED DOWN!

CUT CLEAN ACROSS! PROBABLY WITH A WIRE-CUTTER! NO WONDER THAT STEER WANDERED OFF AND INTO A PATCH OF LOCOWEED! BUT—HUH! WHAT'S THAT?

HAYMM... SOMEBODY DROVE A BIG TRUCK IN HERE! CAME OUT LOADED, TOO, SEEING HOW DEEP THESE TIRE MARKS ARE!

I HAVE TO TELL TEX ABOUT THIS! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

IN FRONT OF THE B-BAR-B RANCH BUNK-HOUSE, WINDY IS BREAKING IN A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS...

PORTY BUCKS THEY COST, AN' I'LL BE DOGGONS IF I'M GONNA LET 'EM THROW ME!

HAI HAI! YUH LOOK LIKE YUH'RE STEPPIN' ON BOGSHELLS, WINDY! I HOPE BOBBY BRINGS THAT NEW CAMERA HE ORDERED BACK FROM TOWN. I WANT A PICTURE OF YUH LIKE THAT! HAI HA!

WOULD EVERYTHING, BOYS! LOOK AT BOBBY HIGHTAIL IT! SOMETHING'S WRONG! WHAT'S THAT HE'S SAYING?

FENCE DOWN BY THE WEST BARN! TRUCKS RIDING AROUND INSIDE THE FENCE...

—TRUCKS LOADED UP WITH SOMETHING, TEX— BUT WITH WHAT?

STEERS, BOBBY! B-BAR-B STEERS! IT'S THE MODERN RUSTLER'S TRICK— LOAD THEM INTO A TRUCK AND DRIVE AWAY! BUT THEY CAN'T BE TOO FAR OFF, YESTERDAY THAT FENCE WAS STILL IN PLACE!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, BOYS! IF YOU SIGHT ANOTHER BREAK-THROUGH, GING OUT! THOSE HOMBRES MIGHT HAVE HIT US IN MORE THAN JUST ONE PLACE!

FUNNY I DIDN'T NOTICE THEIR TIRE-MARKS ON THE ROAD COMING FROM TOWN WHERE I GOT MY CAMERA, TEX. MAYBE THEY WENT THE OTHER WAY...

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



SOME MINUTES LATER, AS WINDY EXCUSES HIMSELF TO RIDE OFF, HE DROPS HANDFUL AFTER HANDFUL OF TACKS ALONG THE FENCING—



THAT NIGHT, AFTER A HOT MEAL, BOBBY STATIONS HIMSELF BESIDE TEX, AS WINDY AND IRISH TAKE POSITIONS FARTHER DOWN THE FENCE...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



HOMBRE... LEAVE THAT BOY ALONE!

I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

FORGET THAT KID! COME ON! IT'S TOO HOT HERE!



YOU ALL RIGHT, BOBBY?

SURE, TEX. THE ONLY THING HURT IS— MY FEELINGS! I GUESS I MESSED THIS UP!

WASN'T YOU, BOBBY. IT WAS WINDY!



HE SET A TRAP OF NAILS AND TACKS TO PUNCTURE THE TRUCK TIRES. THEN FELL INTO IT— HIMSELF!

BUT TRUCK TIRES ARE SOLID RUBBER! THEY NEVER GET A BLOW-OUT BECAUSE THERE'S NO AIR-FILLED INNER TUBE!

NOW YOU TELL ME! DOOH MY POOR ACHIN' FEET!

NEXT DAY A THUNDERSTORM ROLLS IN OVER THE SPOONHOCK MOUNTAINS BY NORTHEAST. IN THE RAIN BLACK—

SET THOSE OWLHOOTS WILL MAKE ANOTHER TRY TONIGHT. BUT WE CAN'T PATROL THE WHOLE RANGE!

MAYBE NOT, TEX. BUT A CAMERA COULD! WE COULD BORROW ALL THE CAMERAS AROUND HERE AND RIG THEM TO A TRIP-STRING, THE WAY THEY TAKE THOSE WILD LIFE PICTURES!

COURSE, WE COULDN'T USE FLASH BULBS, BUT THERE'S SO MUCH LIGHTNING, IT WOULD GIVE ALL THE LIGHT NEEDED! THEY WOULDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING— A CAMERA CLICK DOESN'T MAKE MUCH NOISE... AND MAYBE WE'D GET A PICTURE OF THOSE MEN'S

FACES!



SOME HOURS LATER...

THERE! THIS IS THE EIGHTH CAMERA. MAYBE—WITH—LUCK, SOMETHING WILL DEVELOP!

HMM... IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE A PUN, TEX?



ALL THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT THE RIDERS OF THE B-BAR-B PATROL THE FAD-FLING FENCE LINES. TOWARD MORNING A WHOP BRINGS TEX MASON AT A GALLOP.

THEY CAME THROUGH LIKE WE EXPECTED, TEX! THEY SPRUNG THE CAMERA! IT TOOK A PICTURE! GOLLY!

HUM... IF I'D THOUGHT OF THAT, EVERYBODY WOULD HAVE LAUGHED AT ME!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

AND THEN... WITH A SCAR AND RUMBLE OF LOOSE-NO ROCK, THE TREE STUMP RIPS OUT OF ITS EARTH BED—AS HALF A TON OF TUMBLING ROCKS BOUNCE AND ROLL ACROSS THE ROADWAY!



YOU AGAIN! COWBOY—THIS SURE IS YOUR UNLUCKY DAY!

TALK FOR YOURSELF, HOMBRE!



MAYBE THIS JOLT WILL PUT YOU BACK ON THE RIGHT PATH, MISTER!

I GOT HIM, ED!

AAAAH!



UNABLE TO FREE HIS LARIAT LOOP OF A WIND-AND-SUN-HARDENED PIECE OF TREE STUMP, BOBBY WHIRLS IT IN BOLD FASHION...

GOT TO USE THIS THE WAY—SOUTH AMERICANS SWING THEIR BOLDS!



AT THE APPEX OF HIS SWING BOBBY CASTS LOOSE THE WOOD-WEIGHTED LARIAT LOOP—WITH STUNNING RESULTS!



HEY, TEX... ARE WE IN TIME?

BOBBY AND I HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND, WINDY BUT JUST AS A MATTER OF CURIOSITY, WHAT KEPT YOU? LOSE YOUR SHOES AGAIN?



NO, I DIDN'T... BUT MY BRONC DID! LOOK!

HA! HA! HA!



Bobby Benson's B-Bar-B Riders



Harka



Tex



Irish



Windy

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